20c OCTOBER 13, 1952

CAN IKE CARRY NEW YORK?—page 9

New Republic

CAMPAIGN REPORT:

THE TRUMAN TRAIN

EISENHOWER IN WISCONSIN

KENNEDY vs LODGE

HOW WILL THE FARMERS VOTE?

FITZPATRICK ON HERBLOCK

THE CASE OF SEAN O'CASEY—*by Eric Bentley*

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Johnson City, Tennessee
OCT 30 1952

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Letters

More On Nixon

● I think *New Republic* readers would be interested in the original, unedited statements of Dana Smith which appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle* on September 19. Enclosed is the clipping of the story by a United Press reporter which says, in part:

In pointing out the need for such a fund, Smith cited, as example, that Nixon had to send out 25,000 Christmas cards last year. . . .

"We felt it essential that Dick make at least three or four trips to California each year," he said.

Smith said in forming the group to finance Nixon's added expenses he and the others felt that the salary of $12,500 a year and $2,500 expense money was "pitifully inadequate for the kind of job he wanted to do and we wanted him to do."

The attorney said the Nixon backers felt the young Senator expressed their views better than did Gov. Earl Warren, GOP vice-presidential nominee in 1948. . . . "Dick is the outstanding salesman for free enterprise in the Senate," he said. "He is a great speaker and a great personality. Sen. William Knowland is less known. Warren has too much the social point of view for the people behind Dick . . . we couldn't go for Warren, *but Dick did just what we wanted him to do.*" . . . [italics mine].

San Francisco, Calif. A SUBSCRIBER

● The attached clipping from the Friday, September 26 issue of the San Francisco (Calif.) *Daily News*, appears quite plainly to give the lie to Senator Nixon's allegations that his chief purpose in making use of the Smith fund was to bear the brunt of his political expenses and thus save the taxpayers' money. On the matter of questioning 23,000 of his 1950 precinct workers on their choice for the Presidency (just prior to the GOP convention), however, he had no qualms about using his franking privilege, as the attached article clearly states. Why so obviously newsworthy an item was relegated to *page six* is perhaps not too difficult to grasp. . . .

The clipping reads in part:

Despite his claim that he had to use a special $18,235 fund for "purely political" expenses of his office, such as mailing costs, Sen. Richard Nixon was disclosed today to have used his Senate franking [free postage] privilege on "purely political" mail.

The frank was used in connection with the mailing of 23,000 letters addressed to Nixon's 1950 Senate campaign precinct workers just before the July Republican Convention. Nixon inquired of these workers who they thought would be the best Republican candidate for President. The inquiry . . . was regarded by many Warren supporters as a stab in the back. Indignant protests were sent Nixon.

He then stated that the inquiry was "for my own personal information." . . . It was pointed out today that the postage alone on 23,000 "private" letters amounts to $690. . . .

Tuesday night, Nixon told a radio and television audience of millions:

Not one cent of the $18,000, or any other money of that type, ever went to me for my personal use. . . . Every penny of it was used to pay for political expenses that I did not think should be charged to the taxpayers of the United States. . . .

San Francisco, Calif. AL COVAIA

Khaki Candidates

● With Eisenhower's flip-flops on tidelands oil, his confession of ignorance about farm problems, his failure to distinguish between the open, closed and union shops, and his vague endorsement of various planks in the Democratic platform, after dozens of major speeches and press conferences, we still know only that Eisenhower thinks sin and corruption are awful and that frugality and morality are to be sedulously pursued.

But political ignorance and vagueness has always in the past been one of the major characteristics of the campaigns of professional generals seeking Presidential office. William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor and Ulysses S. Grant all conducted their searches for nomination and election in much the same way as the present smiling and platitudinous candidate of the Republican Party. The statements and behavior of these three during their campaigns made for a composite picture which looks strangely like Ike Eisenhower.

What are some of the elements of that picture?

Indifference to politics prior to nomination is one. Taylor, the hero of the Mexican War, who was often compared to George Washington, freely admitted he had never voted for a President in his life. Grant, the enormously popular unifier of state militias and volunteer armies, voted only once, and then for a Democrat, James Buchanan, in 1856. Eisenhower admits he had never been inside of a voting booth until 1948, when, as president of a great University, he cast his vote for Thomas E. Dewey.

But indifference to politics and ignorance of issues has not handicapped the generals on the stump. They have all manifested a wondrous ability to distinguish between political questions and broad general principles. Eisenhower, who told one reporter, "I don't talk politics. I just state my beliefs," is simply following the same successful, if logically indefensible formula, which won for Harrison, Taylor and Grant.

It is not known if anyone has given Ike the same advice which Nicholas Biddle gave to Harrison, who was told not to say one single word about his principles. Harrison's method was to explain to his audience that he was not used to dealing with political questions, and to protest, "I am not a professional speaker . . . I am an old soldier . . . and as my sole object is to speak out what I think, you will excuse me if I do it in my own way." His way was to denounce corruption and to praise those twin virtues of Whiggery, and later Republicanism, morality and frugality.

Like the contemporary Republican hero, General Taylor claimed, "I have great cardinal principles which will regulate my political life," but confessed, "I am not sufficiently familiar with the minute

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

The Double Standard

Dana Smith . . . then added: "The whole idea of our Nixon fund is to enable Dick to do a selling job on the American people for the private enterprise system . . . I'm glad this story got out because there wasn't anything wrong about it."

"But, Mr. Smith," [reported Richard Donovan] began, "supposing members of a labor union had made a contribution to. . . ."

"Oh, that's different," he declared positively. "A labor union is a special interest." – *From the* Reporter.

Better than Hanging Separately?

All "must have strong allies," [General Eisenhower] said, and if all follow this rule "then we will hang together." – *From the San Francisco* Chronicle.

Doggone Gifted

The Tail Waggers' Club of Washington today announced it has made Sen. Richard Nixon's dog, "Checkers" a life member. . . . Life memberships, the club said, generally entail a $50 contribution by dog owners. . . . But, it said, in the case of Senator Nixon's dog—and in cases where dogs do things like performing rescues—there is no charge. – *From the Washington* (*D.C.*) Daily News.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

FROM THE REAR platform Eisenhower transfers his warm personality to the crowd; he is in communication with them. His crowds are enormous. Ike appears, holds his arms V-shaped over his head and wriggles his fingers. He has learned fast, and his delivery is better. Few care what he says, they want to see him and show their trust in this genial, kindly, fatherly man.

The Eisenhower "crusade," alas, is the story of the means corrupting the end. For a military man there is no substitute for victory. Ike seems ready to make any concession, any compromise, for victory. The great obscenity with McCarthy typified the story. Reporters had come all the way from the East to see this greeting. With a disarming candor, Ike explained that though he disagreed with McCarthy's "methods" their goals were the same. So all was well. It was a nice way of saying the end justifies the means. Painted with peach-colored "pancake" TV make-up that hid wrinkles and made him the color of a rubber doll, Ike embraced the McCarthy program while Joe applauded from the platform. Ike might have denounced Communism anywhere; he came to Wisconsin to do the job so as to identify himself with the victorious McCarthy.

Ike has promised stronger defenses, immense budget cuts, huge tax reductions all at once. He declared in Michigan isolationism is dead, then all day in isolationist Illinois preached "peace," implying that the GOP has peace copyrighted, and startled even friends by saying Asians should be left to fight Asians in Korea and our boys brought home. In a German Catholic isolationist community, at Brookings, S. Dak., on October 4, he said that South Koreans could "very soon" take the place of American boys in the foxholes. Ike has outpromised everybody.

There is amusing frustration in Ike's press cars. Reporters gag at the synthetic banalities of the rear-platform talks, and the sanctimonious unction of the major speeches (which are written and sent in from New York for Ike to deliver). The contrast with Stevenson's literate speeches makes this election seem like a race between one of Emerson's essays and an advertisement for bubble-gum. Ike's capacity for amazement at the discovery of the everyday facts of economic life is astonishing. One theory is that Ike has passed 41 years in communal army living, under federal regimentation, with cut-rate lodgings, tax-free goods and socialized medicine, and has just found out for the first time what all civilians have known. It appears that Mamie is beginning to shop outside the Army PX. He has used the illustration of the egg with "100 taxes" across the continent, and has learned that taxes in the past 10 years total all the other US taxes in history. Reporters watch for some new discovery and speculate on the cosmic joke if he is elected. They can do little about it; they report to GOP publishers the news, not their own opinions. Presumably in the White House Ike would act as regent and Mr. Taft would hold the reins. It is agreed that watching Ike try to curb Taft, McCarthy, Jenner and the rest would be quite entertaining.

A word should be said here of Stevenson as a speaker. When he is at his best, he is the finest political orator this country has produced in half a century. The last part of his Chicago extemporaneous speech, a week ago Monday, was equal to anything from Roosevelt or Churchill. What he said was simple—a time for greatness and America must be great. Stevenson has verbal magnificence. He is splendidly lucid, and he pays the highest compliment an idealist can pay to his fellow man, he does not

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talk down to him. Roosevelt's voice was an orchestra. He could project it into a living-room to make it seem that he was speaking individually to each person there. Churchill's was like a rolling organ which made Englishmen say at their hour of trial, "Yes, we have nobility; we had not known it, but it is so." Stevenson's voice at his finest is like the violin note that frees itself sometimes from the other music and goes on alone. One fears fulsomeness in such praise, but we have seen an audience sit rapt while he talked. It happened in his acceptance speech at Chicago, again at his Town Hall speech in Los Angeles, and it was true for many who heard his Monday talk if they were tuned to the same wave length of idealism and imagination. Stevenson is a civilized being in a crazy world. He gains his effect because you feel you are listening to a man who abhors pathos, heartily dislikes to bare his soul, but who is moved beyond himself to lift America's heart to loftier things—and in so doing moves others.

There is a mythical quality in Stevenson's voice the effect of which is hard to appraise in politics. Could the public take such lofty exhortations for a weekly diet? It is the Wilson type, always pitted against the lusterless, contemptuous inertia of the times; such men move mountains—but in the end the Philistines generally drag them down and before erecting a monument to them crucify them. That is the element we find in some of Stevenson's speeches.

Notes: General Eisenhower will not publish his income-tax returns. He omitted praise for General Marshall in his Milwaukee speech after talking to Sen. Joe McCarthy. . . . Truman's speeches are having effect; their one purpose is to make Ike come out of the clouds and discuss issues. . . . A little man with a clock and lantern appeared behind the political "truth special" of Senators Ferguson, Hickenlooper and Case; he flashed his lantern, shook his head sadly and murmured, "Not here, not here."

With Eisenhower Party T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 2*)

details of political legislation to give solemn pledges to exert my influence if I were President to carry out this or defeat that measure."

Eisenhower has been a less reluctant candidate than either Grant, Taylor or Harrison, but none of the professional generals ever sought public office, and all were wooed by political leaders of both parties. President Truman's abortive attempt to bring General Eisenhower into the Democratic family is matched by the attempt of President Johnson to win Grant for Democracy. Whigs and Democrats vied for the appealing and heroic hands of Taylor and Harrison, who, like the candidate from Abeline, stoutly maintained that office should seek the man.

During their political careers none of Eisenhower's predecessors manifested an understanding of American political life. In their campaigns they attacked "faction" and promised their victories would bring "unity." Much as Eisenhower calls himself the "no deal" candidate, Taylor maintained he was the "no party" man. Grant, a symbol of unity in war, appealed as the organizer of national unity in peace. But Harrison died soon after his election, and Taylor, during the 16 months he held office, proved unable to cope with the difficulties which confronted him. Ulysses S. Grant is best remembered for the scandals which racked his administrations and for his ill-fated attempt to annex the Dominican Republic.

A lifetime of training in the importance of order and unity is not calculated to produce insights into the nature of our political process. The "non-partisan" and "unity" of tradition of military men in Presidential office harks back to the most popular soldier and hero of them all, George Washington, who, in his eight years as Chief Executive, never came to understand that politics largely involves the reconciling and compromising of divisive and competing sectional, economic and ethnic groups. From his first inaugural to his farewell address Washington deplored local attachments and party animosities, insisting that a right national policy "will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality." Such a standard tells us nothing of Washington's views on debtors or aliens—important questions in his day.

Because propriety, rules, order and unity mean so much to the military officer, he is likely to find himself in the party which most values these concepts. Similarly, the defenders of the *social and economic* status quo are always to be found in the vanguard of those who desire unity and deplore faction. That everyone ought to be agreeable to and happy with life as it is has often been the position of the privileged and the strong. It is this vague mutual longing for unity which best explains the affinity which the military officer and the Republican and Whig parties have had for each other.

Thirty times the Whig or Republican Party has met in national convention and 15 times military heroes have been chosen as Presidential candidates. On the other hand, the Democrats, since the foundation of the national party in 1828, have picked only five generals in 32 conventions. Of course most of the Republicans, with the exceptions of Harrison, Taylor, Grant and Eisenhower, were nonprofessionals who bear little resemblance to General Ike. Hayes, Garfield and the second Harrison and McKinley were better known as Governors or Congressmen than for their military exploits by the time they were nominated.

But the attraction of the military and the Republican Party for each other is unmistakable. The khaki cast which the presence of Generals Eisenhower, MacArthur, Hurley, Clay and Wedemeyer gave to the 1952 Republican Convention contrasts with the failure of the Democrats to produce even one military figure of similar stature.

Now for the fourth time a professional general is the candidate of the conservative party, and like the three great Generals who preceded him, Eisenhower is thus far another uniformed "moralit unity" candidate. Neither military pro ess, private virtue or a winning pers ality ought to obscure that fact.

Cambridge, Mass. LAWRENCE H. F

Nix On Dick

● As a choice of Candidates
From which to choose,
I'm votin' for him
With the well-worn shoes,
Not choosin' him
Who stands revealed
With too many men
Who're too well heeled!

RUSSELL A. MOOREHOUS

Edmonds, Wash.

Phony Patriotism

● The enormous response given the Nixon TV plea must prove something. Perhaps it proves two things. First that the unthinking are the articulate and secondly that no answer is sufficient when surrounded by phony patriotism. Or perhaps this isn't news? Lord help us.

Auburndale, Mass. JOHN F. WEATHERLY

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DEAR MR. CHAPLIN

AT 63, THE MAN who made buffoons of dictators is threatened with the dictatorial McCarran Act. When Charlie Chaplin tries to pass the Statue of Liberty, he will be held at Ellis Island until he convinces the Attorney General that he is pure. His is the burden of proof. Accused of non-conformism and contempt "for the high state of womanhood," Chaplin is lumped with Costello as an "unsavory character." McGranery, whom we do not consider fit to polish Chaplin's beloved shoes, has all but pre-judged the case. Chaplin's re-entry permit implies absence of cause to deport him. Threatening him once he has left is dishonorable and the world knows it, as Graham Greene testifies below.

DEAR MR. CHAPLIN:

I hope you will forgive an open letter: otherwise I would have added to that great pyramid of friendly letters that must be awaiting you in London. This is a letter of welcome not only to the screen's finest artist (the only man who writes, directs and acts his own pictures and even composes their music), but to one of the greatest liberals of our day.

Your films have always been compassionate toward weak and the underprivileged; they have always ctured the bully. To our pain and astonishment you the United States the highest compliment in your er by settling within her borders, and now we feel but not astonishment at the response—not from American people in general, one is sure, but from e authorities who seem to take their orders from men as McCarthy.

hen Russia was invaded you spoke out in her de- public meeting in San Francisco at the request President; it was not the occasion for saving d double meanings, and your words were as hurchill's and Roosevelt's. You even had the , they say, to call your audience your com- hat is their main accusation against you. I hat McCarthy was doing in those days? bering the days of Titus Oates and the terror d, I would like to think that the Catholics of d States, a powerful body, would give you athy and support. Certainly one Catholic America is unlikely to be silent—I mean the eal. But Cardinal Spellman? And the Hierarchy? I cannot help remembering an American flag that leant against a pulpit in an American Catholic Church not far from your home, and I remember too that McCarthy is a Catholic. Have Catholics in the United States not yet suffered enough to stand firmly against this campaign of uncharity?

When you welcomed me the other day in your home, I suggested that Charlie should make one more appearance on the screen. In this would-be story Charlie lies neglected and forgotten in a New York attic. Suddenly he is summoned from obscurity to answer for his past before the Un-American Activities Committee at Washington—for that dubious occasion in a boxing ring, on the ice-skating rink, for mistaking that Senator's bald head for a rice pudding, for all the hidden significance of the dance with the bread rolls. Solemnly the members of the Committee watch Charlie's early pictures and take their damaging notes.

You laughed the suggestion away, and indeed I had thought of no climax. The Attorney-General of the United States has supplied that. For at the close of the hearing Charlie could surely admit to being in truth un-American and produce the passport of another country, a country which, lying rather closer to danger, is free from the ugly manifestations of fear.

The other day a set of Hollywood figures, some of them rather outmoded (Mr. Louis B. Mayer and Mr. Adolf Menjou were among the names) set up a fund to support McCarthy's fight in Wisconsin—a form of Danegeld. Now Hollywood uses English stories and English actors, and I would like to see my fellow-countrymen refusing to sell a story or to appear in a film sponsored by any organization that includes these friends of the witch-hunter. Our action would be an expression of opinion only; it would not condemn them to the unemployment and slow starvation to which McCarthy has condemned some of their colleagues. They will say it is no business of ours. But the disgrace of any ally is our disgrace, and in attacking you the witch-hunters have emphasized that this is no national matter. Intolerance in any country wounds freedom throughout the world.

Yours with admiration,

London, England GRAHAM GREENE

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THE WEEK

THE GENERALS SOUND OFF

In endeavoring to organize the resources of 14 nations, NATO faces tremendous and unprecedented problems which can only be solved by cooperation and unity. Yet, during the past week, two of NATO's top Generals have indulged in irresponsible attacks upon one another's governments.

Furious at French red tape, Gen. Matthew Ridgway erupted at Defense Minister René Pleven for French laxness in condemning land needed for various defense projects, and deplored "the laws and attitudes of French labor unions."

Incensed at American criticism of French methods in Morocco, Marshal Juin, Commander of NATO ground forces in Central Europe and former Resident-General of Morocco, attacked the US for the second time in three months. Demonstrating a knowledge of American politics, the Marshal accused the US of following the Soviet party-line—a charge seldom leveled at the nation as a whole. Specifically, says the Marshal, the US has joined, with "malicious intention," a "foreign conspiracy tightening around North Africa since the liberation." In this, he says, the US and Russia are working toward identical ends.

Ridgway's headquarters claim it is all a misunderstanding, that the General has been misinterpreted by reporters he wished to take into his confidence. Still, the incident again demonstrates a dangerous ineptitude characteristic of American military and ex-military men when dealing with the press.

Marshal Juin's attack seems particularly rash since the crudity with which the French have tried to suppress rising nationalism in North Africa has caused severe criticism at home. Gaullists and members of Daladier's Radical Party, as well as elements in M. Pinay's own party, threaten to challenge the government on this issue when the National Assembly reconvenes. If these forces join, they may force the resignation of Foreign Minister Schuman, which, in turn, could cause the resignation of Pinay and his whole cabinet. With France thrown into a major governmental reorganization, the whole defense system of Western Europe would be seriously weakened.

THE UN THREATENED

Premier Daniel Malan threatens to leave the UN and to withdraw South African forces in Korea—one fighter squadron—if the free nations of the world dare discuss the methods by which the majority of South Africans have been deprived of the rights guaranteed them by their constitution. Malan claims *apatheid* is a purely internal matter and as such is beyond the jurisdiction of the United Nations. But the group of Arab and Asian nations, led by India, disagree.

For years Malan has planned the annexation of the three under-developed British protectorates bordering South Africa. Leaders of the Bantu tribes in Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland have desperately sought British assurance that they would not be handed over to become slave populations. But Britain has avoided such assurance.

The fear of these neighboring people is such that their spokesman has stated: "If Britain lets us down . . . we will fight to the last man, because we know we shall be fighting for both political and cultural survival."

This is not the first time Malan has treated the United Nations with contempt. Charged with maladministration in Southwest Africa, Malan refused exit visas to representatives of this region, thus nullifying the UN Trusteeship Council's invitation to them to come and present their complaints. Also, he has consistently boycotted the Trusteeship Council.

Given the context of open rebellion among the Arab population of North Africa, and of unrest throughout the balance of the continent, India is justified in considering Malan's actions as a distinct threat to international peace and security. More, Malan's actions threaten to drive a continent rich in human and material potential to Communism. Taxed to the utmost trying to retrieve the errors of the past, many nations feel they cannot permit such errors to be committed today.

United States hedging on the motions to consider the complaints of Tunisia in the UN last year, and of Morocco this year, cost us much prestige among Eastern peoples. The Indian petition provides an opportunity not only to restore much of US prestige, but also to strengthen the prestige of the United Nations as a source of justice and relief for oppressed peoples.

Intimated by such threats as Malan's, the League of Nations failed. The UN can now demonstrate once and for all that threat and the conception of human rights as reserved for the few are no longer tolerable, that the world has outgrown them and rejects them.

NO RENT DEFENSE

Newly gathered statistics are now illustrating the full force of the weakening amendments added to the Defense Production Act last spring. As the revised housing and rent provisions of the Act go into effect, occupants of between 2 and 2.5 million rental units over the nation have lost the protection of rent ceilings; some 16.5 million such units still remain under federal rent controls.

The revised Act provided that communities which desired extension of rent controls specifically request such an extension from the Office of Rent Stabilization prior to September 29. Some notices are still being received, but 1,450 out of the 2,400 communities previously under rent control have

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to continue ceilings until April ne date of the expiration of the entire Defense Production Act.

Of the 51 cities with populations of 100,000 or more, 36 have asked to continue rent controls. A total of 73 cities with populations ranging from 50,000 to 100,000 have requested extension. An additional 3.5 million people who live in 120 critical-defense areas will also continue under controls. Some of our largest cities, including Detroit, Toledo, Akron, New Orleans, Denver and Kansas City, will discontinue them.

Under earlier provisions of the rent law, other cities had previously abolished ceiling regulations. The average rent increases in these cities one year after decontrol give some indication of what citizens of the latest communities to decontrol may expect. According to the National Association of Real Estate Boards, Birmingham, Ala., has raised its rents 27 percent, Los Angeles 9.4 percent and Houston 16 percent, since rent controls were removed.

MR. WOODS' FINDINGS

Midway in his cross-country tour to determine the reaction of the nation's housewives to high prices, Price Stabilization Director Tighe E. Wood returned to Washington and called a press conference to announce his findings. "To my surprise," he said, housewives are worried about high prices.

With six cities visited and seven more to go, Woods said that from 75 to 80 percent of the housewives are in favor of price controls. He said that he will recommend extension and strengthening of price-control legislation to President Truman "solely" on the basis of his findings.

Woods found that high food prices was the paramount problem everywhere while on the East Coast there was great concern over the price of children's clothing. There is "absolutely no understanding" of what is under price control and what is not, he said, or why price controls must be utilized to combat the inflationary pressures arising from the mobilization program.

WILL MORSE STAY A REPUBLICAN

In abandoning the Eisenhower candidacy, Sen. Wayne L. Morse has taken the longest chance of his sensational political career. Although he was decisively re-elected in 1950, Morse's position in the Senate rests on a quivering foundation.

Two years ago Morse had a formidable array of conservative support and a generous $75,000 war chest for his return to office. His recent criticism of Eisenhower has dissipated that backing, and perhaps for all time. Edward C. Sammons, president of the US National Bank of Portland, was treasurer of the Morse-for-Senator Committee. Now Sammons, a fervent admirer of Eisenhower, is bitterly indignant. "And," he adds, "I've been told by at least 25 men who contributed financially to Morse in 1950 that they'll never indorse him again."

The glowing praise showered upon Morse by Harry Truman, during a whistle stop last week at Klamath Falls, Ore., has intensified Republican cries that Morse is an apostate. The speech was prepared by leading Oregon Democrats who hope to lure Morse as a convert. For this reason the President compared Morse with the late Sen. George Norris, who eventually abandoned the Republican Party in Nebraska. But Norris did not become a Democrat. He was elected to the Senate in 1936 as an Independent.

Should Morse leave the Republicans, he probably would follow Norris' example. It is extremely unlikely that he would go all the way over into the Democratic Party. One obstacle is the wholesale invective Morse has poured on the Democratic Party from an ideological perspective in election years.

Then, the Democratic Party in Oregon hardly qualifies as a sufficiently sturdy nag for as hard a rider as Wayne Morse. In 1948 Oregon alone among the 11 Western states gave its electoral votes to Dewey. Some of the state's most vocal Democratic liberals have been peddling influence for airlines, aluminum companies and war contractors before federal agencies. This does not advance the status of the Democrats.

Oregon's election laws are extremely flexible. An independent Senatorial candidate can qualify with only 250 signatures. Not so many years ago Julius L. Meier, a department-store owner with liberal views on the power question, was rejected by the Republican Party. He filed for Governor as an Independent and rumbled into the state capitol on a landslide. Morse is better known than Meier and a more forceful campaigner. If the Republican Party becomes too inhospitable for him, Morse probably could endure as an Independent for many more terms in the Senate.

McIKE

Last week Eisenhower went to Wisconsin to welcome McCarthy on his "team." He explained that the differences were superficial, the agreements basic, between himself and the man who has done more than any living American to undermine our freedom of speech.

Eisenhower condemned those who "sneered at the warnings of men trying to drive Communists from high places." Declaring that these men had "never had the sense to take after the Communists" he promised to "press this attack," crying "I know what Communist fifth columns have done in East Germany, in . . . Rumania, in Hungary and Bulgaria."

None of his audience remembered or cared that Eisenhower never saw these nations, or that they were enslaved by the Red Army, not the fifth column. And none knew or cared that he had come to Wisconsin to defend his lifelong friend and sponsor George Marshall, only to fall silent when McCarthy told him to defend Marshall elsewhere.

Wisconsin Republicans knew simply that Ike was for McCarthy, and committed to carrying McCarthy's program out.

To the Washington *Post* this speech was "typically Eisenhower . . . a clear and forceful defense of freedom." To the New York *Herald Tribune* it offered a "sane, vigorous American solution."

How blind can partisanship become?

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THE TRUMAN TRAIN

THE PRESIDENT of the greatest country in the world is ambling over its lush and lovely expanses these beautiful Fall days in a rather shabby special train with a comparative modicum of the entourage of the five-star General who hopes to succeed him.

Everything about the 1952 Truman roadshow is different from that of the Republican candidate—and indeed of the Democratic—so far as outward appearances go. Mr. Truman is working no less hard, but he is relaxed and amiable; nearly every day finds him munching a free apple in the press car and twitting reporters on their personal and professional weaknesses. It can be added that he knows both very well at this point—just as they know his.

A large contribution to the gayety of the Truman train is that the President has banished for sensible political reasons on this trip all the outward and visible signs of his liabilities. As human beings, the entire Truman family has always left little to be desired, but their best friends have frequently had to tell them that they were guilty by association.

The capering Steelman, the fatuous Snyder, the grinning Dawson, were left behind. Appointment Secretary Connally is on hand, carefully barbered as usual but looking a little wistful as the White House fleshpots recede from his grasp. The troops—General Vaughan and the others—do not rate the serious business at hand.

The President knows it is serious. With unusual calm, almost gentleness, he says privately of his present Operation Laurel Wreath: "I hate to do it. I liked General Eisenhower, and I trusted him. But I have to tell the truth because he isn't."

The Truman ammunition is stored in the car just behind his, commanded by scholarly Charles Murphy, who succeeded Clark Clifford as Presidential Counsel. Researchers and secretaries produce for Murphy, and he polishes for the President a mortar fire for every stop, pinned to local interests, plummed with vernacular wisecracks—a form of humor Truman does best—and always containing at least one deadly thrust at the General who has embraced the Taft wing of his party.

The President's aides say it is only the beginning—the shrewd and documented speeches at Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco. After all, they point out, the White House keeps the record and is entitled to show it to the world when national security is menaced by partisanship.

The President is getting larger crowds than in 1948, and the old "pour it on" battle cry is frequently heard. Oddly enough, his hecklers—there have been relative few—are teen-agers, young students. Perhaps they think General Eisenhower will save them from Korean service; the President makes no attempt to say he will.

Mr. Truman's tactics are two-pronged. Nobody does better that "Don't let them take it away" theme. After all, he has been on the receiving end for seven years of all the immense pressures of every interest, selfish, self-serving or noble in motive, that accumulates around the throne.

He is, after seven years, also remarkably well-informed. Mr. Truman is not intellectual and the reverse of creative, but he is a worker. He was taking in rather a lot of territory when he told a Seattle audience that he knew every word in the budget—it weighs a trifle more than the New York telephone directory including all five boroughs. But he knows more than anyone else, and his remarks about public affairs have impact from that hard-earned knowledge.

It is difficult to gauge the effect of his assaults upon General Eisenhower. They are listened to with real attention. It is big stuff—the stuff of history—when the President calls the turn on the five-star General he placed in command of the greatest armies the world has ever seen. Mr. Truman makes them realize it with a sternness, a hard determination that never somehow seems to issue oddly from one so ordinary in appearance.

A great failing of liberals is that they think they are so smart. They realize all the true facts of life, but people—just people—of course, don't. Mr. Truman again in this campaign, puts that flattering unction to the test. He is talking to crowds of people with the same careful documentation, the same effort, the same persuasive powers that he would turn on some great man he hopes to induce to enter the public service. Their response shows at least an appreciation of being treated as sensible human beings.

It may be, as Republicans contend, that the people are in the throes of a deep unrest of emotion against corruption and Communism, and Senator McCarthy's Wisconsin victory proves it. The President is making the most sustained, earnest, intelligent struggle of his political career, and it is based on the premise that ordinary Americans have minds they will make up on the facts if their leaders have the courage to state them.

How odd that a Pendergast alumnus should be so wise and bold, but what a tribute to the American system.

San Francisco, Calif.

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NEW YORK: LIBERAL DESPITE ALL

by Bruce Bliven

WHICH PARTY will carry New York State and its 45 electoral votes, the largest number in the country? I don't know, and I don't believe anybody else knows. It is possible to make an informed guess, however, and here are some of the data needed for that purpose.

The Democrats have carried New York in four national elections out of the past six, and the Republicans have carried the state twice. The Democratic majority has averaged 562,644, and the Republican one, only 82,220. The first of these two Republican victories was in 1928, when Al Smith's Catholicism was the overriding issue; the second was in 1948, when Henry Wallace, running on the American Labor (Progressive) ticket, got 509,559 votes. If it had not been for the Wallace campaign, Truman would have carried New York by about 448,600 votes, since he would have had the virtually solid support of the ALP as Roosevelt did in 1944 and 1940, when that party cast, for the two elections, an average vote of 456,911.

Nobody believes that the American Labor Party in 1952 can come anywhere near its record of the past three elections. Its strength has been cut down close to the hard-core group of Communists and fellow-travelers, and it will be surprising if it can take away from Stevenson to Hallinan more than about 200,000 votes. If this had been the situation in 1948, Truman would have carried the state by approximately 240,000.

Rural New York is politically a part of New England; it always goes Republican. New York City, on the other hand, always goes Democratic. The population is about equally divided between New York City and the rest of the state, the city casting in 1948 about 150,000 more votes for all candidates combined than did upstate New York, out of a total of slightly more than six million. How the state will go therefore depends on how the opposing majorities, upstate and city, compare.

On September 16 the Associated Press published a political forecast by the newspaper editors of New York State done, as the AP emphasized, county by county; these editors predicted that Eisenhower would carry the state by 360,000 votes. With astonishing exactness, they forecast that he would win upstate by 765,678 and that Stevenson would carry New York City by 405,618. This means that they were giving Eisenhower an upstate majority larger by 216,462 than Dewey had in 1948 and were giving Stevenson in New York City a majority smaller by 82,639 than Truman had.

Two other polls of voter sentiment in New York State show Eisenhower leading. The Princeton Research Service, quoted in *Newsweek*, gives 52 percent of the independent voters to Eisenhower, 42 percent to Stevenson and six percent undecided. The Gallup Poll gives 50 percent of all voters to Eisenhower, 43 percent to Stevenson, and seven percent undecided. Both these polls were taken before the affair of the Nixon Fund.

A dispute over the race for United States Senator has complicated the situation in New York. That state possesses a Liberal Party which in the last two Presidential elections has averaged 275,898 votes; since the party has always voted for the Democratic Presidential candidate and usually for the Senatorial choice as well, it is an important part of the total picture.

This year the Liberal Party wanted W. Averell Harriman to make the Senatorial race against the Republican incumbent, Irving Ives. Harriman was not a candidate, but the Liberal Party leaders believed he would have accepted a unanimous Liberal-Democratic draft. The Liberals held their state convention before the Democrats and chose Prof. George S. Counts of Teachers College, Columbia University, as a stopgap nominee, to be replaced by the Democratic choice if it were Harriman or some other outstanding progressive candidate. Instead, the Democrats chose a party hack, John Cashmore, president of the Borough of Brooklyn. The disgusted Liberals thereupon made the candidacy of Dr. Counts a reality. Unfortunately for the Democrats, most political observers think Ives will win over Cashmore and Counts, doing some harm to Stevenson's chances.

The Negro vote is important in New York. Early in the campaign some normally Democratic Negro leaders were inclined to drag their feet because of Senator Sparkman's record on civil rights; but it now seems clear that Governor Stevenson has remedied this by his own straightforward declaration, and that at least 60 percent of New York's Negroes will vote Democratic.

Some question has been raised about Stevenson's support among New York's numerous Catholics, because of his divorce. He has been helped greatly by the statement from a Catholic source that since he was not the partner seeking the divorce, and since he has not remarried, no member of the church need feel any compunction about supporting him.

Of enormous assistance to Stevenson in New York is

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the endorsement he received from the American Federation of Labor, the first it has given in three decades. He already had the approval of the CIO, and it is a safe guess that at least 80 percent of its New York members will vote for him.

Eisenhower's astonishing surrender to Taft will do him a lot of harm with the independent voters in New York, who probably number close to one million. New York has repeatedly proved that its majority opinion is liberal and internationalist, two things Taft is not. Quite apart from the issues the spectacle of the victor at Chicago meekly holding out his wrists to be handcuffed by the vanquished is one that cannot have done Eisenhower any good. It should negate his rather pathetic attempt to appeal to labor with promises to amend the Taft-Hartley law, especially when even Taft himself has indicated that some amendments are desirable.

Eisenhower, to be sure, has the same set of advantages in New York that he has in other parts of the country. He started the campaign much better known than his opponent; he has a warm and friendly personality which makes people like him and feel on short acquaintance that he is an old and trusted friend. He may get some help from the idea that if the Cold War were suddenly to turn into the third world war, he would be a good man to have in an important position in the government. On the other hand, there is no doubt that Stevenson is coming up fast; the more people see of him the more they like him. Thanks to the miracle of television, whose saturation in New York is heavier than in most other places, they have been seeing a lot of him. Many New Yorkers, rightly or wrongly, consider themselves more sophisticated than people in other parts of the country, and Stevenson's type of humor, and the high level of serious discussion on which he has chosen to conduct his campaign, are well calculated to succeed in the Empire State.

New York, like the rest of the country, is debating the effect on the campaign of the Nixon secret fund. The Republicans insist that the incident has done their campaign good, rather than harm; and that any possible bad effect has been at least partially offset by the news of Stevenson's use of surplus campaign contributions in Illinois as gifts to men he had appointed to state jobs who were under financial embarrassment. The Democrats reply that the two cases are in no way comparable, and that when the country has recovered from the hysterical emotionalism of Nixon's television speech, a residue of damage to Republican chances will remain.

In New York State there is a possibly significant recent parallel. In 1950, the New York Republicans had a scandal; Lt. Gov. Joe R. Hanley, a Republican, was scheduled to run for Governor, but was elbowed aside after Governor Dewey changed his mind and decided to run again. Hanley was then given the difficult chore of running against the popular Democratic Senator, Herbert H. Lehman. With an amazing burst of frankness, Hanley wrote to a Republican leader, W. Kingsland Macy, saying that in exchange for getting out of the gubernatorial race he had been promised "an adequate living compensation if elected . . . [and] an ironclad unbreakable arrangement [for a state job if defeated] at sufficient compensation to make my net income more than I now have." Rep. Walter A. Lynch, running for governor against Dewey, said that Hanley's debts of about $70,000 were to be paid off. Despite Hanley's attempts to explain away the letter, he lost the Senatorial election to Lehman, who got 2,632,313 votes to Hanley's 2,367,353, a difference of 264,960; Hanley ran more than 450,000 votes behind Governor Dewey.

I began this article by saying that nobody knows who will win in New York State; I will end it with the observation that, in the inevitable phrase, "if the election were held tomorrow," I believe the facts cited above suggest the state would be found in the Democratic column.

MASSACHUSETTS: LIBERAL AND CORRUPT

by John P. Mallan

On November 10, 1950, a young Massachusetts Congressman told an informal gathering of Harvard University students and professors—of which this writer was a member—that (a) he could see no reason why we were fighting in Korea; (b) he thought that sooner or later we would "have to get all these foreigners off our backs" in Europe; (c) he supported the McCarran Act and felt that not enough had been done about Communists in government; (d) that he rather respected Joe McCarthy and thought he "knew Joe pretty well, and he may have something;" (e) that he had no great respect for Dean Acheson or indeed almost any member of the Fair Deal Administration; (f) that he personally was very happy that Helen Gahagan Douglas had just been defeated in California by Richard Nixon.

The anguish of the Harvard group may be measured by the fact that practically all of them classified themselves as "realistic" New Deal Democrats, and that it was apparent even in 1950 that John F. Kennedy would

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be a likely candidate for the US Senate in 1952. Their feelings were not exactly assuaged when it was brought out in later conversation with the disarmingly frank and charming Mr. Kennedy that his reasons for these views were in many cases not so much ideological as a matter of casual intuitive feeling. His liking for McCarthy seemed to be on a personal basis, as was his feeling that Mrs. Douglas was "not the sort of person I like working with on committees." While he opposed what he considered to be Communist influence at home, he refused to become emotionally aroused even on this issue.

In the fall of 1951, Mr. Kennedy made another appearance at Harvard, and the nature of his views was further clarified. He informed a fairly large group of faculty and graduate students, whom he did not swear to secrecy, that he planned definitely to be a candidate for the Senate in 1952. He went on to plot the probable nature of his campaign against Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., and promulgated what might be called the theory of "the visual contrast."

Lodge, said Kennedy, is young, as I am. He is a veteran of World War II, as I am. (He might have added that both men were decorated for bravery.) I cannot disagree with him on foreign policy. There is no way, in short, that I can create a "visual contrast" between myself as a young reformer bringing change and Lodge as a crusty representative of the Old Guard. One thing remains: I must attack Lodge on domestic issues. I must attack his record on housing, on price control, on labor, on the St. Lawrence Seaway and economic aid for New England. I must, in brief—Kennedy might have added—become a New Dealer.

These two episodes illustrate the irony of Massachusetts politics. Again and again, Democratic leaders whose personal beliefs seem to indicate a deep-dyed conservatism become "liberals" when forced to deal with politics on the national scene. The regular Democrats fall easily into a New Deal position when it is necessary to do so. One Democratic National Committeeman from New England put it this way," I can't stand this New Deal Socialism—except at election time."

As a young Representative from the starkly poor wards of East Boston, Charlestown, the North End and slum-infested Cambridge, Kennedy has worked long and sincerely for every kind of welfare program which would benefit his district—rent control, better housing, FEPC. He has said, further, that he feels no one should represent a workingman's district who is not in sympathy with what the workingmen want—though he added that a person from a wealthy district, like Rep. Christian Herter's Back Bay, would be equally justified in opposing social legislation.

Kennedy's personal story has been told well enough elsewhere; he is the son of former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, millionaire and most outstanding complete isolationist in the Democratic Party, and the grandson of the highly popular "Honey John" Fitzgerald, one of the first of Boston's Irish folk heroes. He made a good record at Harvard, and while still an undergraduate wrote a book called *Why England Slept*, a reasonably fair picture of Chamberlain's England, which was later published with a commendatory foreword by Henry R. Luce.

Kennedy's war record was brilliant, and was widely publicized; it is now serving him well. He returned and was almost immediately able to win nomination for Congress in the totally Democratic Eleventh District; he has twice won renomination and re-election with little difficulty. His Congressional record has been marked by a strong fight for control of airmail subsidies and for federal aid-to-education—both "liberal" causes to be sure. He has also worked hard for the Italian-Americans, so numerous in his district, and opposed the restrictions of the recent McCarran Immigration Act; his campaign literature stresses that he is the only Congressman who has ever been decorated by the Italian Government "for his constant assistance to Americans of Italian descent."

In brief, Kennedy, like most regular Democrats, has a deep and sincere interest in aiding the underdog, an interest which has little to do with any ideological concern for labor or liberalism as such. Such a man can oppose "the Socialist trend" in general, while voting for almost every specific bill to aid the aged, the workingman or the minority group. Here Kennedy is in tune with the Democratic city boss now fading in importance—such a boss as his own grandfather, "Pea Jacket" Kennedy of tough East Boston. And Kennedy's record on labor and welfare legislation is far better than that of Lodge or any Republican except a few mavericks like Javits and Morse.

His position cannot exactly be called "liberalism"; it might be referred to as "popularism"—a willingness to give the people what they want in specific situations, while shunning the generalities of a liberal ideology. And his campaign against Lodge has featured economic problems brilliantly—notably the terrifying question of the continuing loss of New England industry to other parts of the country. Lodge's answer to this—when forced by Kennedy's attacks to reply—has been of the "spite your face" variety: he has announced proudly that he has consistently voted against aid to the South and West, New England's rivals, while Kennedy has supported such aid. Like other Republicans, Lodge would

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retain Massachusetts industry by the negative device of cutting state taxes and perhaps instituting a sales tax, rather than by positive programs of federal aid in the development of new industries.

What about Kennedy's views on civil liberties and foreign policy? Kennedy himself claims with truth that he reflects the views of his constituents, who want "more done" about Communism; it is difficult to condemn him for supporting the McCarran Anti-Communist bill when almost every other Democrat and Republican in the country also did so. (It is generally true in Massachusetts that Democrats, most of them Catholic, are more strongly anti-Communist than Republicans; at present the Republican Boston *Herald* condemns McCarthy while the "Democratic" *Post* calls the Wisconsin Senator "one of our greatest Americans," and will likely endorse both Dever and Kennedy while implying that Adlai Stevenson is a dangerous radical.)

On foreign policy, Kennedy's position is more difficult to defend; the best which can be said is that he almost always votes for administration programs, though on one or two occasions he has been one of the few Northern Democrats to favor cuts in foreign aid. He talks more isolationist than he votes; again, he has admitted that this is related to his constituents, poor men with a deep suspicion that "someone" on the top levels of government is betraying them and sending them off to die.

While the liberal may have reservations about Kennedy, the average Democrat seems to have none; when the altogether handsome and charming Kennedy—still a bachelor—makes an appearance anywhere in Massachusetts, the effect is overwhelming. Kennedy is, for one thing, an Irishman of family—and breeding—rare in a state where almost all Democratic leaders are self-made, one-generation and often crude in manner and appearance. He is wealthy enough to be honest without question, in a state where many vote Democratic but feel a little guilty about it.

Kennedy makes many a special appeal which other Democrats cannot; notably, he appeals to women, to Catholics and to businessmen. He has toured the state with his highly charming mother, long socially respected, and his attractive sisters and brother, appearing at "teas" attended by literally thousands of prominent Irish women who have never before been active in politics, and many of whom have not even voted. His family has long been active in Catholic charities, and has been officially decorated by the Pope; this again, plus Kennedy's appearances over the years at Communion breakfasts across the state, brings him a kind of personal support which few of the more "secular" Irish politicians could hope to equal. And Kennedy, with his father's name and connections, is received by small-town Republican businessmen with an enthusiasm no other Democrat could attain.

It has been charged that Kennedy's father is "actually running" his son's campaign, but this is literally not true. To be sure Kennedy Sr. has invested so much money in advertising that "you could live the rest of your life on his billboard budget alone," as one labor-political man told me. Kennedy has also lent the services of several men from his financial empire, but does not seem otherwise to have interfered. John Kennedy's Congressional record shows evidence that he has never publicly supported his father's "Western Hemisphere" thesis.

Kennedy is certainly helped by a definite defection in the Republican Party from Henry Cabot Lodge. There is irony enough here; Lodge, more than any other man, should inherit and develop whatever liberalism exists in the Republican Party. It is now apparent that Eisenhower is no liberal; today he is hardly even a symbol for the Young Guard of the party. It is also apparent that neither the unpopular Dewey nor such mavericks as Margaret Smith or Morse can ever lead the party; all should depend on Lodge if ever the party is to emerge from the depths of McCarthyist Neanderthalism.

But Lodge is now a target for the Old Guard second only to Dewey; he has been attacked by the Hearst press as well as by Colonel McCormick, and there is an open Republicans-for-Kennedy movement in the state, now led by Basil Brewer, powerful publisher who headed the Massachusetts Taft forces and who is close to Minority Leader Joe Martin—who himself favored General MacArthur as the Republican candidate. Brewer has charged that Lodge is part of the "Truman Socialistic New Deal"; his Taftian hatred of Lodge is probably more important here than his support of Kennedy, since he also backed Democratic Sen. David I. Walsh against Lodge in 1946.

Both the state ADA and the powerful Massachusetts unions have backed Kennedy over Lodge; they are willing, apparently, to take a chance on a man who is so far a semi-isolationist in private life only. It now appears very likely that Massachusetts and the nation will soon see an irregular Republican replaced with an irregular Democrat. One can only hope that the educational experience of service in the United States Senate—plus probably ambitions for even higher office—will lead John F. Kennedy, like others before him, along the road to more enlightened public service.

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WHY DON'T YOU RUN FOR CONGRESS?

by Lee Shippey

I WAS ONE who followed with fascination the revelation by the major candidates on how their political funds were raised and spent. It was on this issue that my own brief career in politics rattled to an end.

Like another Californian, I was approached this year by a group of citizens who wanted me to run for office. "As a newspaper columnist with two million readers," they argued, "you've got few enemies and many friends. You're always talking about better representation in government. Why don't you practice what you preach?"

There was no obvious answer to that one, so I agreed to consider the race. I went to see a friend of mine, a professional, who had managed several successful campaigns.

"I'm thinking of running for Congress!" I told him.

"Wonderful!" he cried. "You're as good as in!"

"Wait!" I protested. "What will it cost?"

"Cost?" he repeated with surprise. "Why, you must be above all that! You must be able to report that you only spent a thousand dollars or so."

"That's easy enough," I answered. "That's all I've got."

"Quite right," he assured me. "Just leave it all to us. We'll get a good finance chairman, and a committee with plenty of good names, and you won't know anything about what we raise or spend."

That worried me. "No," I said, "I want to know where every dollar comes from and where it goes. What's it going to take?"

"Very little, very little," my friend said comfortably. "You're widely known and well liked. Thirty thousand dollars will see us through."

"Thirty thousand, to get a $12,000 job," I exclaimed. "That's crazy!"

"No," said my friend firmly. "It's politics."

"Your district covers a wide area," he went on. "It contains well over 200,000 voters. To reach each of them with a single two-cent postcard would cost over $5,000. Good illustrated folders come much higher. You'll need 200 big billboards, 10,000 quarter-cards to stick in windows and on phone poles, 2,000 windshield stickers and 100,000 throw-away cards. You'll need headquarters in six towns, each with literature and workers and phones. Why, your phone bill alone should be $300 a month. Then there are 40 newspapers in the district, and to get fair treatment you should give each at least a quarter-page ad, besides subscribing to them all. Of course you'll have to buy radio and television time, for most people won't attend political meetings now except for big national candidates. Then there will be a thousand incidentals."

"Don't worry," he added, noting my expression. "A manager who knows his job can get so many items taken care of that they'll never show, and the committee can honestly report that it spent only a few thousand dollars."

"What do you mean, 'taken care of'?" I asked.

"Well," he went on, "there are lots of sources which never wish to appear in politics, but are glad to contribute to the campaign of any broadminded candidate they think may win. One of them might pick up the tab for a printing bill of a thousand bucks, or send out a couple of hundred thousand pieces of literature under his mailing privilege, saving you the price of stamps. Another might lend you a hundred billboard spaces for a month, saving you $5,000 or so. But those sources would just charge those things off to their own advertising accounts, so neither you nor they would be embarrassed by having them appear as campaign contributions."

"Who are these sources'?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, they're too numerous to mention," he remarked. "But I might give you a few categories. For example, the race tracks are always scared of crackpot legislation, and take a friendly interest in candidates with sporting blood. Some distillers are writing all their stockholders that they hope the next Congress will see the injustice of taxing them $10 a gallon on whiskey. Naturally they would be glad to help promising candidates who share their concern for justice. The brewers—well, remember that Artie Samish got the California brewers to assess themselves five cents a barrel on beer and so raised nearly $1 million for lobbying purposes. The oil interests are tremendously interested in the tidelands-oil dispute. And there are hundreds of other interests, large or small, who want the right sort of men elected."

I thanked him for the information and went my way. I knew an honest state assemblyman, and next I called on him. He was friendly and showed me a scrapbook of all his literature, advertisements and other campaign material. His campaign for a $3,600 job had cost around $25,000. He said, "There is no other way."

Lee Shippey, long-time columnist for the Los Angeles Times, was a candidate for Congress in the 21st district of California in the 1952 primary election.

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I knew an exceptionally able veteran of World War II who lived with his wife and five children in a housing project. He was indignant at the real-estate lobby which was working to destroy all veterans' housing projects. He secured the backing of all the veterans' groups and set out to run for City Council.

"I set out to run," he admitted, "but I've had to give it up. They tell me that even with all the veterans' organizations back of me, I couldn't make a good race for less than $7,000, and my opponent would have four times that much."

I next went to the Registrar of Voters. He told me that many good men who consider running for office decline when they learn what it will cost. He added that their defection leaves the way open for inferior or venal men. Remembering that, I entered the race anyway. I ran unencumbered by billboard advertising and heavy mailings. Naturally a sturdy candidate who did all the orthodox things beat the tar out of me in the primary.

Soon I found myself concluding: there is much talk of the nebulous and exaggerated thing called creeping Socialism, but is not creeping plutocracy a much more tangible and menacing enemy of true democracy?

What can we do about it, I said to myself? I hate to admit that the English can do anything better than we can, but I reasoned they have done more than we for the preservation of true democracy. Our laws governing campaign contributions and expenses are drawn by state and local legislators who profit by the present system, and are so full of loopholes that they mean nothing. Our laws declare that no political committee may spend more than $3 million but do not forbid the creation of multiple committees under different names. They forbid any individual from contributing more than $5,000, but cases are on record in which such contributions were made in the names of babes in arms, secretaries, housekeepers and relatives.

In England no one running for Parliament may spend more than 500 pounds—which means $1,800 to an Englishman. What is more important, no one else—no group, no corporation, nobody—may spend more to elect him. All money spent in his behalf must be authorized by him. No gift billboards, no picking up the tab for printing bills, no lending of the use of mailing privileges there. In England rival candidates are given limited radio time and franking privileges, at government expense, so each may reach the voters with his platform. A millionaire and a man of modest means run on practically equal terms. In our fair land, in contrast, the Republican opponent of Senator Knowland in the California primary charged that oil and liquor interests had given the Senator 2,400 billboards. If that was true, it amounted to a campaign contribution of more than $100,000. I wish that everyone who sees a political billboard would stop to wonder what it cost, who paid for it, and why.

The high cost of elections is not only robbing us of true democracy. It is the cause of a great deal of corruption and graft. The most patriotic thing any of us can do is to induce every state and national legislator to pledge himself to work for laws limiting election expenditures and requiring the fullest publicity. In California a bipartisan group of citizens is sponsoring such a pledge. It is called Declaration of Independence From Graft, and if any reader would like to see it I'll be happy to send one on request.

HOW WILL THE FARMERS VOTE?

THE FARM VOTE—apparently by agreement of both political parties—is accepted as a decisive factor in the 1952 elections.

Ever since the surprise of 1948 when Democratic majorities in the farm states helped assure President Truman's margin of victory, politicians of both sides have shown little disposition to take the farm vote for granted. Stevenson and Eisenhower, in their farm speeches at the National Plowing Contest, near Kasson, Minn., on September 6, were no exceptions.

Stevenson stood firmly on the Democratic farm plank framed at Chicago, calling for continued high-level support prices with authority broadened to include perishable products as well as storables.

Eisenhower finally listened to the smartest of his many farm advisers, deserted the ambiguities of the Republican farm plank and climbed aboard the Democratic platform. He pledged the Republicans to price support at 90 percent of parity (until 1954) and promised to extend price support to perishable products—subjects only recently the targets of attacks by Republican Congressmen and the Republican-minded Farm Bureau Federation. He even made a try at outdistancing his opposition—implying that he stands for farm prices at 100 percent of parity, but carefully refraining from promising support at that level.

The Midwest—regarded as the heartland of the Republican Party—gave 86 electoral votes to Truman in 1948 from the five states of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Ohio and Wisconsin. These votes in 1952 continue to

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dangle as the prize for wooing the vote of the farmers.

It is probably fair to say that General Eisenhower has already—in one major speech—made more of a farm campaign than Governor Dewey did four years ago. About three-fourths of his Kasson speech was spent in attacking the Administration and in telling what he is *against*, but the remaining one-fourth of the speech actually took a positive position on some important issues. The strategy of the two parties from here on will shape up something like this:

The Democrats point to the great agricultural advances of the past 20 years, claiming that only under such leadership as provided in the Democratic platform can these programs be strengthened in the future. At the same time, they hold up to view the record of obstruction and opposition displayed by Republican leaders in Congress and warn that a Republican victory would mean more of the same.

Republican tactics are more devious. The party has now grouped behind the claim that farm programs are the fruit of bipartisan effort—that Republicans have been as responsible as Democrats in their implementation. With this claim as a beginning, the GOP goes on to say that it is really the Democrats who would destroy the farm programs through such political "monstrosities" as the "Brannan Plan." At Kasson, Eisenhower branded the so-called Brannan Plan as "moral bankruptcy"—then went on to advocate two of its chief provisions: a high level of price supports and the extension of price support to perishable commodities.

But the resurrection of the 1948 grain-storage controversy is the GOP's most spectacular maneuver.

In 1948 the Republican 80th Congress rewrote the charter of the Commodity Credit Corporation so as to restrict CCC activities in the storage of grain for price-support purposes. Democrats promptly took the issue to the farmers, explaining how the action would benefit the grain trade but cripple the support program and result in lower prices. Later this issue was credited as a weighty factor in swinging farm votes to Truman. The Republicans this year are stirring up the issue again. They have mounted a mighty offensive designed to convince the farm vote that the whole thing was a hoax and that it was really the Democrats who "stuck a pitchfork in the farmer's back."

Republicans Dewey, Aiken, Williams and McCarthy have all charged that 1948 declines in grain prices had been caused by the government "rigging" of the market, deliberately driving down prices so as to scare farm votes into the Democratic column. Secretary of Agriculture Brannan countered with voluminous votes to the contrary from 1948 publications of the private grain trade and documentation of how the CCC actually stepped up sharply its *support* of farm prices in the months of August through November of 1948. He also reminded the Republicans that Harold Stassen was saying in 1948, from Thomas Dewey's front steps, that the Administration was artificially keeping prices *up*.

The Republicans brazenly had Ike repeat the charge at Kasson with embellishments. He stated (a) that the 80th Congress did not restrict CCC storage activities in 1948; (b) that there had been no shortage of grain; (c) that CCC had never furnished storage to farmers—before 1948 or since; and (d) that CCC was selling its own grain bins as surplus in 1948.

To embarrass Eisenhower are (a) the direct words of his own chief farm adviser, Rep. Clifford Hope, who fought against the action of the 80th Congress, warning that it would "severely restrict" CCC operations and "make it very difficult to carry out the duties imposed upon it by law"; (b) the many farmers who could *not* find storage in 1948; (c) the farmers who *have* used CCC storage through the years and who are using it even now; and (d) the fact that the sale of government bins in 1948 was to farmers and was partly dictated by the *80th Congress* which made it impossible for CCC to acquire necessary leases on lands for its bins.

There is hardly a farmer who does not have personal knowledge that storage was short in 1948 for his bumper crops, and the Republican insistence on re-arguing this issue turns their focus four years behind the times, which is usually welcomed by the opposition.

Meanwhile, there are a half-dozen or so very good issues still to be thrashed out.

For example, General Eisenhower says that he is a supporter of rural electrification, including telephones for farmers. The facts are that the Republican Party has solidly opposed nearly all of the generation and transmission projects which the rural co-operatives have begged Congress to pass, and most Republicans actually voted against the rural telephone program when it was started in 1949.

Eisenhower says he is in favor of soil conservation. Yet the Republican voting record of the last 20 years has been one of cutting and obstructing it.

His heart bleeds for co-operatives, yet most co-op members know that the two bills which would penalize co-ops by taxing them to death are kept hanging over their heads by Republican Congressmen.

Bringing out these distinctions will be one of the primary jobs of the Democratic candidates and backers, while shouting "me too" as loudly as possible will be the Republican strategy.

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THE NEW "UNITED FRONT"

THE COURT OF APPEALS of the US High Commission in West Germany has made a ruling in the case of an 11-year old Yugoslav boy that has a remote but clear connection with the decision of the Kremlin to send Maurice Thorez back to France. The task of Thorez is in essence to try to mobilize "the spirit of the Resistance" in support of the present Communist strategy in Western Europe of "all-class unity" and the "united front" against "Fascism and war." The importance of the ruling in Frankfurt is that it was widely taken as suggesting the need for "defense of the spirit of the Resistance."

The Court decided that the boy, abducted by the Nazis nine years ago from his mother in Yugoslavia, should not be returned to her there but should remain in West Germany as the foster child of an ex-Nazi SS Storm Trooper. The boy's real father, a patriot of the Yugoslav Resistance, was shot by the Gestapo. His mother was sent to Auschwitz. The boy was put into camp for children considered worth Nazifying. By a series of miracles, the mother survived the horrors of Auschwitz, succeeded after long and harrowing experiences in tracking down her child and appealing for his return to her.

The Court refused her request because, it said, "we think Yugoslavia compares economically unfavorably with free enterprise West Germany as a place for a child to be brought up in." To men and women of the Resistance, not only in Yugoslavia but in other Western European countries where memories of the Nazis are still fresh and horrible, this view was different in form but not substance from the one offered by the Hitlerite Germans to justify themselves. And since the incident fitted into the new anti-Resistance trend gaining ground in high places all over Western Europe, it caused a wave of indignation.

Nor will this indignation be much appeased by a grudging reversal just given by the US High Commission Court of Appeals. The Court split on reversal, and Chief Justice Clark added this comment: "You have won your case. . . . I hope you can justify your victory at the judgment seat before which we must all finally appear."

It seemed clear that one West German who would undoubtedly agree with the original verdict is Alfred Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, only recently a war criminal and soon to become again, thanks to another US decision, one of the richest if not most powerful men in the world. On July 31, 1948, he was convicted in Nuremberg of the war crime of active, personal participation in the Nazi slave-labor program. The Yugoslav boy's mother might well have worked for him at Auschwitz or at the Krupp GHQ in Essen. Krupp used slave labor in both factories. Krupp was sentenced to 12 years in prison, and his vast holdings were confiscated. But less than three years later, on January 31, 1951, US High Commisioner McCloy freed Krupp and annulled the decree of confiscation. Now something like 600 million marks are to be "restored" to this citizen of free enterprise West Germany.

Krupp's fate can be taken—and is taken in the Resistance—to suggest a new and horrible reversal of the relationship between the victims and the victimizers, the tortured and the torturers. And, unfortunately, it is a symbol that gains force from recent factual events in Western Europe.

There are dozens of other cases, small and large, showing the trend against the "spirit of the Resistance," especially in France. And it is creating a strong ground swell of anger and bitterness in the rank and file of the heirs of the Resistance of all parties.

Thorez, who has been in Moscow for two years, will be sent home from Moscow in October, after the congress of the USSR Communist Party, in order to ride that swell on behalf of the Kremlin. The "new" strategy of the "united National front" that he is to institute has actually been in effect for many months, however, as I have pointed out in the *NR* on a number of occasions. Accompanying the contrasting tough policy of hard repression in the satellite countries, it has taken rather different forms in different Western European countries. In Italy, for example, its key man is Pietro Nenni and its tactical goal is specifically political—to use the Socialists, Left liberals and neutralists as part of the broad base for the Communist "front."

Thorez is being sent to France not because Jacques Duclos has failed to do the same but because the problem in France is different. There is no chance at all for a *political* united front, dominated or even strongly influenced by the Communists, either openly or secretly. While it is true that the Communists still have a great measure of control of organized labor, it is also true that every effort they have made to stage or forment a specifically political strike has failed, unlike in Italy. Though there are strongly anti-US and anti-Atlanticist currents in France, these are by no means pro-Soviet, and certainly not the material of any political co-operation in a united front. The value of Thorez in the present situation is that he is *the* authentic veteran of the Resistance, indeed the man who for 20 years has been the champion of "all-party and no-party unity," that, after the events of 1934 and 1935, led to the foundation of the Popular Front. Of course, times have changed since then, and the rank and file of Frenchmen who consider themselves heirs of the Resistance, will scarcely accept Thorez as their leader. They know that the authentic heirs of Berlin and Vichy and Rome are in Moscow. Nevertheless, at a time when Krupp is a symbol of a reversal of values, it is not surprising that the Kremlin should try to give Thorez a similar value and, through him, to try to reverse the French people's acceptance of US leadership.

Rome PERCY WINNER

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

THE CASE OF O'CASEY

by Eric Bentley

THEY SAY that the critic of the New York *Times* is the dictator of serious drama on Broadway yet when he takes the unprecedented step of repeatedly writing articles to ask that Sean O'Casey be performed he doesn't get his way. Why is this?

The latest explanation to come to my ears is: "You can't raise the money, O'Casey is too close to communism." "Too close" is a very delicate expression, implying that some degree of closeness is permitted, or maybe some kind of closeness, or maybe closeness under certain conditions. Bernard Shaw is regularly performed though he never missed any opportunity of praising Stalin or calling himself a communist; he lived to support Wallace in '48 and to deplore American intervention in Korea. Charlie Chaplin, on the other hand, who does *not* call himself a communist is called one by other people; and his last film was ostracized in most parts of the country. Bertolt Brecht (just to complete the list of the four leading comic talents of our time) has caused one potential Broadway backer to say: "his play is a masterpiece but I wouldn't produce it even if I knew it'd make a million." The long and short of it is that Shaw is given a hearing unreservedly, that Chaplin is given a hearing with reservations (*Verdoux* was not kosher, but *City Lights* was and *Limelight* will be), and that Brecht and O'Casey are not given a hearing at all.

ROSE AND CROWN, by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan; $4.50).

The reason I've heard suggested for the approval of Shaw and Chaplin is that they've been in the business longer; they were established in public esteem before Thomas and McCarthy were heard of. Brecht and O'Casey, however, were also in the field before intolerance entered its present phase. Why didn't they find an American audience in the 'twenties and 'thirties? Why didn't they find an audience even in England?

O'Casey tells his part of the story in *Inishfallen Fare Thee Well* and *Rose and Crown* (the fourth and fifth volumes of his autobiography). His three plays of the mid-twenties made enemies but they made powerful and numerous friends. They gave O'Casey an identity; and this proved to be the problem when, a little later, he proceeded to write a little differently:

> There was no importance in trying to do the same thing again . . . He wanted a change from what the Irish critics had called burlesque, photographic realism, or slices of life, though the manner and method of two of the plays were as realistic as the scents stealing from a gaudy bunch of blossoms.

Here, as so often in dramatic criticism, the word *realism* is ambiguous. O'Casey rightly implies that there is a sense in which even his early plays are not realistic. Conversely there is a sense in which it was precisely the realism of the later plays that offended an influential section of the public. *The Silver Tassie* gave offense for not being *Journey's End*—that is, for exposing wounds instead of filming them over with gentility. *Within the Gates* gave offense for giving a close-up of a bishop instead of protecting him behind a cloud of incense. *The Star Turns Red* gave offense for turning red—the palette of a Cecil Beaton or an Oliver Messel has so many other colors to offer. It was opposed in England not for its brand of politics but for being political at all. The point of view is familiar to readers of O'Casey's arch-antagonist, James Agate, who, for example, complaining of Priestley, not that he wrote badly, but that he wrote politically, had no means of distinguishing the Yorkshireman's defects from the Irishman's qualities.

One of the harshest terms of abuse in the metropolitan drama critic's vocabulary is expressionism, and Agate was one of many who applied it to O'Casey. The word damaged him in the theatre world by hinting that he read books by foreign authors or spent his holidays beyond the Rhine. It damaged him by intimating that his later style was not his own. It furthered mystification by getting people to assume that there had been an obvious break in O'Casey's life —a gap, with his genius and his past on one side while his reading and his future were on the other. O'Casey plaintively observes that his residence in England was held accountable for the faults of a work which was conceived and begun before he left Ireland. One cannot study this man's career without convicting the world around him of jealous meanness. First, they shelved his early works as "classics;" second, they followed a "line" which explained and dismissed his later works before they appeared. Between these two phases, there was one crucial and receptive moment, a moment when the O'Casey story, as Hollywood would call it, could have been given another turn, and by a single man. I mean the moment when Yeats was reading *The Silver Tassie* for the Abbey Theatre. (If this is not understood we are likely to misread large portions of the autobiography as megalomania. Actually we should be less surprised at O'Casey's continual return to the crisis of the *Tassie* than at the fact that his attitude to Yeats even after it was one of filial love.)

Yeats was under no obligation to make a success story of O'Casey's career; he was under no obligation to like *The Silver Tassie*. But, all other questions aside, we may judge his famous rejection of it in terms of the consequences.

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Yeats did more than any other man to deflect from the theatre one of its best playwrights. I am not sure myself that O'Casey's later plays are as good as his earlier ones, but I think they would be better than they are had Yeats and Agate and the rest kept the playwright in the theatre. Though diffuse, and over-full of self-pity and proletarian snobbery, the autobiography may be almost as good as people say it is; even so, it is *ersatz;* and the best passages are scenes from plays that will never be written; scenes by a playwright without a theatre. If the plays O'Casey has been printing are increasingly "unproduceable" the reason (if I may be allowed an Irishism) is that they've been increasingly unproduced; a playwright without a theatre is far too free. And yet we don't really know whether *Cock-a-doodle Dandy* is good theatre, bad, or indifferent, because we haven't tried it. There is also the question, how good is the theatre in which it would be tried? A creative ensemble would be more interested in tackling a work that is not tied down by the habits of past performances, a work which demands, and will help to form, a new kind of performance. Where are the actors whose work will not be repetition, nor even revival, but discovery? Do we reject O'Casey because as a communist he is beneath us or because as an artist he is beyond us?

TWO BLOCKS IN ONE

THE HERBLOCK BOOK, by Herbert Block (Beacon Press; $2.75).

THE HERBLOCK BOOK is authored by Mr. Herbert Block and illustrated by Cartoonist Herblock. Any resemblance to the two-party system, living or dead, is purely co-incidental because the two Blocks are really one. And, from this sample, it seems quite possible that Author Block may eventually become as well and favorably known as Cartoonist Herblock. In the arsenal of cartooning there are such weapons as the bludgeon, the rapier and laughing gas. Cartoonist Herblock is equally expert in the use of all of them.

Working in Washington, as he does, and on a newspaper that gives him latitude in which to exercise his talents rather freely, the antics of Congress get the first treatment. The 80th Congress, inflation, housing, conservation, labor legislation and phony investigations are recorded in a cartoon sequence much easier to understand than the political double-talk spoken now by some of the wreckers working for re-election to the next Congress. In the present race for votes these Congressional candidates are friends of everybody, but in this cartoon record they are *against* public housing, against rent controls, against inflation controls, and *for* any special interest group.

"Well, What's New"

John L. Lewis, Senators McCarran, Taft, McCarthy, and the erstwhile head of the House Un-American Activities Committee, J. Parnell Thomas, parade across the cartoon stage. In the cast of characters with Statesman Thomas in May, 1948, were two actors, Mundt and Nixon, who went on to the big time circuit in the Senate, while Mr. Thomas' big time was spent behind prison bars.

In all of these day-to-day recordings of the passing scene Herblock carefully selects his weapon and very often it is laughing gas. The DAR, for instance, gets attention because it arrives in Washington every spring like a plague of—cherry blossoms, and resolutes all over the place. A cartoon of April, 1949, shows a rather formidable dowager firing a pop-gun at the ocean. The title is, "The Shot Heard Round the Immediate Vicinity."

The Atom Bomb grew into a character, with a face, arms and legs which appeared at fairly regular intervals until Herblock became alarmed when he began to hear about "that cute Mr. Atom you draw." Since Atom was neither little nor cute he was given a rest in order to put his horror muscles back in shape.

Communism abroad, at home, and its various by-products occupies an important place in this cartoon record just as it does in real life. In March, 1947, a drawing showed Congress backing the automobile down the road instead of driving it forward. The back of the car is labeled anti-Communism while the forward end is labeled pro-democracy. This whole backing up approach toward the problem of Communism is explained by Author Block as the Tsinummoc Line. It is a quack nostrum peddled by political medicine-men and like the automobile backing up it is Old Joe's Line spelled backwards. It is used most effectively mixed with hot air to support an appropriation for a home-town pork barrel project or to kill worthy legislation. All that is necessary is to say that opponents of such and such a bill will be pleasing the Kremlin gang and following the Party Line.

Author Block explains the ultimate end of such a system would make one Congressman, Marcantonio, for example, who was then a House member from New York, practically a dictator over legislation. If Congressman Marcantonio voted for an obviously bad bill, no other House member would dare vote the same way regardless of the merit of such a vote unless he wanted his record compared with Congressman Marcantonio's and be accused of following the Moscow Party Line. Lest any reader consider this a fantastic caricature or the weird wanderings of a cartoonist's imagination, it should be noted that Congressman Nixon successfully used that tactic in his Senate race against Helen Gahagan Douglas.

The net result of such shenanigans, as Cartoonist Herblock points out in a cartoon of December, 1947, is the Communists pulling one handle of a crosscut saw and the Reactionaries pulling

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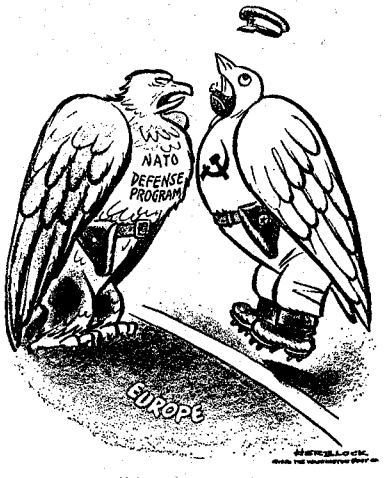
the other handle. The three they are cutting on is "World Democracy". Any middle ground between these extremes is considered either out and out Stalinism or the newly discovered variety of "Creeping Socialism."

America's new position in the world has added to the cartoonist's burden or, if you prefer, given him the opportunity of explaining some of the facts of life to a nation unaccustomed to world responsibility. Tariffs and foreign trade, starvation in Asia and dictatorships in strange lands, either lack pictorial "umph" or the reaction is that "a city in flames is less than the fire that comforts you and me."

If a cartoonist feels deeply conscious of such problems and their importance to these United States, as Herblock obviously does, it is up to him to dramatize them out of the dull field of statistics and point out the human ramifications of a prohibitive tariff on cheese. No matter how outraged he may feel over some fraud or injustice or plain greed, he must, if the situation requires it, figure out how laughing gas can be



" 'Coo' Yourself!"

applied. And this is not so easy to do with a dead-line always close at hand.

The unfinished story of the 1952 Presidential campaign couldn't be completely covered in this volume but there is background material aplenty to enlighten the voters on the issues. May I suggest the *Herblock Book* as a quick refresher course for anyone looking for enlightenment?

D. R. FITZPATRICK

Daniel R. Fitzpatrick is the Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A MEDIUM OF GREATNESS

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL: SELECTED PROSE, translated by Mary Hottinger and Tania & James Stern (Bollingen Series XXXIII: Pantheon; $4.50).

OFTEN NOTHING SEEMS more remote than the recent past. In these days of frightened people and frightful politics it is sometimes hard to believe, not only that figures like Gide, Valéry, Hofmannsthal were among us not long ago, but even that they ever existed. How brazenly they concentrated on themselves! How they loafed, and invited their souls! (What is a soul, anyway?) Yet it is good to be reminded now and then that such a life was once pursued with single-minded energy; and these selections from Hofmannsthal show us the pursuit in some of its most attractive stages and attitudes.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal (1874-1929) spent most of his life reading, thinking, and in theatre work, especially as librettist for Richard Strauss. It is in that capacity that he is best known outside Austria; and I suppose there is sufficient glory in being the author of *Elektra* and *Der Rosenkavalier,* even though the music usually drowns out the words. But Hofmannsthal also wrote poetry, plays and stories in his own right, along with a good number of essays and travel sketches. The new anthology contains enough of his fiction, criticism and other prose to provide a vivid and well-rounded impression of a sensitive, distinguished and highly cultivated mind, constantly in quest of beauty, and able to see it in all things, even terror.

A reader unfamiliar with Hofmannsthal's work outside opera, and perhaps skeptical of his stature as an original writer, might well begin exploring this collection with a short story entitled *A Tale of the Cavalry.* Clearly the work of a writer well read in Kleist, Stendhal, Tolstoy and other masters of economy and precision in portraying violent action, this brief account of a day of war in 1848 still has a tone and mood all its own. It concerns an Austrian sergeant who, flushed with triumph over a successful skirmish with Italian rebels and a promising encounter with a woman, disobeys his captain's order to release a captured horse, and is promptly shot. The incident is narrated with such control of significant detail that it acquires a cool, tapestry-like elegance, a finish, so that the reader's emotions are stirred just enough—not too much to interfere with the essential aesthetic pleasure. This is classical writing, rare in its time (1899) and rarer still today; such balance is hard to attain among the diverse excesses of formalism (school of James) and emotionalism (school of James Jones). After reading this story, the reader might turn to D. H. Lawrence's *The Prussian Officer,* and reflect.

Hofmannsthal has achieved a remarkable blend of sharp and smooth. Turning to the sketches—imaginary confessions, letters, conversations—we find moods of loneliness, nausea, longing for the unknown, for mystical union with the not-self: poignant and crucial experiences, but never without style, never thrown at us raw or crude. At times, indeed, Hofmannsthal seems excessively conscious of manner, even precious; but evidences of underlying gravity and sincerity regularly recur. It is not until the later work, such as *Lucidor* (1910), that irony and banter come to the fore; many of the stories, essays and sketches are frank in their enthusiasm for the vague, the transcendental, the romantic. "The whole soul is never one, save in ecstasy." "He who grasps the highest unreality will create the highest reality." All the same, irony also has dangers, as Hofmannsthal knew. "Flaubert," he observed, "is a very distinguished author. Compare him, however, with Goethe or Dostoevsky, and irony appears to be too predominant an element in his writing."

Neither can Hofmannsthal be ranked with Goethe or Dostoevsky, nor even with his contemporaries Rilke and Kafka. He was an adaptor, an appreciator, in short a man of letters, rather than an original creator. It could even be argued that he writes better about literature than about life; his essays on Shakespeare and Balzac abound in winged words, and turn those writers into far livelier characters than any we

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meet in *Andreas*, an unfinished novel which takes up about a third of this volume. Within his limits, however—especially in the poems and plays, which are not represented here—Hofmannsthal had a certain greatness. Like Landor, whom he resembles in many ways, he might say, "I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." The translators of these selections, which don't read like translations at all, deserve a place of honor at the table, as does Hermann Broch, who contributed a masterly critical essay by way of introduction.

FRANK JONES

THE PURSUIT OF PROPERTY

THE HEIR OF DOUGLAS, by Lillian de la Torre (Knopf; $4).

MISS DE LA TORRE is an enthusiast of both the eighteenth century and the detective story. In this book, as in her first— *Elizabeth Is Missing*—she combines these interests. Unsolved mysteries of the past attract her. Re-examining the evidence, she presents it in fictional form and solves the problem for the reader. The result is a cross between the historical novel and the detective story.

The Heir of Douglas is based on the most famous civil suit of eighteenth-century Britain: the attempt of the guardians of the Duke of Hamilton to prove that Archibald Douglas, nephew of the last Duke of Douglas, was a supposititious child, kidnapped from the slums of Paris by the Duke's sister, Lady Jane Douglas and her husband, Colonel John Steuart, in order fraudulently to produce an heir to the vast family estates. By a vote of eight to seven the Scots Lords of Session decreed in favor of Hamilton, but this judgment was reversed by the British House of Lords, who judged Douglas to be the legal heir. As Samuel Johnson said: "a more dubious determination of any question cannot be imagined."

The trials evoked intense partisanship for several reasons: loyalty to the feudal idea, splendidly embodied in the Douglas dukedom; concern for the integrity of inheritable property; prejudice against papistical France, where much of the evidence against Douglas was gathered. The Edinburgh mob broke the windows of the Lords who voted for the unpopular Hamiltons. The decision of the House of Lords was received in Scotland with public celebrations. The press reported that thousands of pounds had been bet on the outcome of the case. A young lawyer in Edinburgh, James Boswell, was happy that he had aided the Douglases by publishing two effective pieces of propaganda, an allegorical tale, *Dorando,* and an able pamphlet, *The Essence of the Douglas Cause*.

The printed documents dealing with the case are vast in bulk and intricate in detail: the huge quartos of proofs and memorials presented by both sides; the reports of the hearings; the speeches of the Lords of Session and of the British Lords; the *Letters of Lady Jane Douglas*, which had perhaps a decisive influence on the final judgment. Miss de la Torre has thoroughly mastered this material. Undaunted by the volume of detail and conflicting testimony, she tells her story with clarity and without disastrous over-simplification.

Her method is novelistic and from time to time picturesque, with "scenes," dialogue (re-created in the main from the depositions of witnesses), and an adequate if not profound insight into character. Few cases offer richer material for romantic fiction: a half-mad Duke; his warm-hearted, energetic wife; his pathetic, persecuted sister, nobly devoted to her wastrel husband and her sons; the cold, logical, tenacious Andrew Stuart, who built up the case for the Hamiltons during years of investigation in France. Stuart is the most interesting person connected with the case. Was he a skilled detective, the dupe of self-seeking Frenchmen, or a suborner of witnesses and a promoter of perjury? His contemporaries could not agree, but his brilliant apologia, *Letters to Lord Mansfield,* eloquently attests his probity. The case involved an amazing variety of lesser figures, who move through a vast scene that extends from the gutters of Paris to the House of Lords. It is material that Dickens could have exploited superbly.

Within the limits of the detective story formula, Miss de la Torre is a competent writer. It is only when one turns from her book to the actual documents that her rather slick method appears to have impoverished her material. Her carefully plotted narrative leads to the surprise "solution," demanded by readers of detective stories. It is ingenious, but somehow it seems trivial. Today the real fascination of the case lies not in a solution, however convincing, but in its very ambiguity and darkness: the ambiguity of human life, the darkness of human motives. What Johnson said of Stuart's *Letters to Lord Mansfield* holds good for the Douglas Cause: it shows us "the possibilities of human life." Miss de la Torre's clever narrative hints at, but does not lay bare, these possibilities.

SAMUEL HOLT MONK

INDESTRUCTIBLE REALITY

THE TEMPTATION TO BE GOOD, by A. Powell Davies (Farrar, Straus and Young; $2.50).

THE AUTHOR calls this a "book of unconventional sermons," and most readers will agree. Sermons in our churches today fall into three general classes: expository, where the preacher starts with a text of Scripture and tries to elucidate its meaning; topical, where the preacher wrestles with some subject of current public interest; and sermons constructed around a personal project, where the preacher starts with a problem which he sees troubling his people and tries to throw on it all the light he can. Dr. Davies' sermons in this volume belong unmistakably in the third group.

"There are some people you meet, and some you just read about"—so he begins a typical sermon—"who seem to be in a hurry not so much to get somewhere as to get away from something. They give you the impression that they are secret fugitives from a concealed pursuer." So, with his first sentences, he has struck his trail; before he is through he will be almost impertinently

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personal in asking, "What are you running away from?"

These are highly intelligent and practical discourses on real personal problems, such as fear, frustration, anxiety, confusion, self-distrust, gloom. Dr. Davies is a skillful analyst; he knows people; he faces facts; he never flatters his audience; and he has a richly-stocked arsenal of reading and experience from which to draw his insights and illustrations. In one sermon he reveals what some of his critical auditors ask of him—more comfort, and less strenuous ethical demand, less aggressive challenge to their already exhausted will-power. He shrinks from being comfortable. He says little even about divine resources immediately available for the individual soul's help. He will not ladle out religion as "the sedative of superior souls." This stern aspect of Dr. Davies' sermons is admirable, but the experience of God's environing presence and available power—mysticism at its best—is an essential part of vital religion, and one wonders whether it is not this which his critical auditors sometimes miss. Some of the sermons might easily impress a troubled listener as more powerful in their analysis of a personal problem than profound in the resources offered for its solution.

Nevertheless, Dr. Davies knows what the deep resources are. He sometimes seems shy about expressing his profoundest faith, but it is there:

> Not one of us can quite get out of earshot of its song. This is the ultimate, the innermost, the final, indestructible reality of life. Because of it we call the mystery God and, in its presence, we ourselves are living souls.

Sermons are made to be listened to rather than to be read. As this reviewer imagines himself an auditor in Dr. Davies' church, he readily understands why the church is crowded. This preacher is a spiritual engineer, building a bridge on Sunday morning with the determined intent to get some goods across into individual lives. And from this book's first sermon—which is a masterpiece—to the last, I suspect that every one of them succeeded in doing just that. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

TRUTH AND POETRY

HEMINGWAY, by Carlos Baker (Princeton; $4.50).

MR. BAKER is careful at the outset to state that the intention of his book is to examine "what Hemingway has been able to perform" and to tell the story of "the first thirty years of his life as an artist." "This," he continues, "is not the history of his private battles or his public wars." But Mr. Baker's rather austere definition of approach wavers in practice for he knows that the artist cannot be separated from the man nor the man from his time. A good portion of the book is as biographical and historical as Arthur Mizener's memorable *The Far Side of Paradise* which was a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

I was afraid from his statement of aims that Mr. Baker was to employ the frequently illuminating but essentially sterile "examination of text" method which in the extreme can "explore" a poem of Baudelaire without reference to (perhaps without knowledge of) his illness, of the best-known of Flaubert's novels without recognition of the fact that the author said, "Madame Bovary, *c'est moi.*" Fortunately, in this study the backgrounds necessary for an understanding of Hemingway's writings: the places where he lived; the historical processes in which he was involved; the climates of opinion and winds of faith in which he, at times asthmatically, breathed—are amply provided. And rightly so, for if as Mr. Baker claims the essence of Hemingway is refraction, then the reader must know something of the surfaces from which this great light bounces. And to Mr. Baker this is a very great light indeed.

This is not the place to discuss the history of Hemingway's reputation except to point that it is unique: butt of *avant-garde* and conservative critics; purchased by the populace; and praised by Edmund Wilson, Malcolm Cowley, André Gide and Cyril Connolly. This flood of adulation and abuse from all social and literary watersheds has rarely been equaled in a writer's lifetime. Hemingway's solely acknowledged American master, Mark Twain, is the only possible parallel in our letters.

Mr. Baker is never lost in this torrent; he chooses for survival those who from the beginning were on the side of his angel. The angel is permitted a few warts: *The Fifth Column;* a few facetious stories; the hasty construction of *To Have and Have Not;* the snap judgments on American literature, except for Twain and Henry James, which Professor Baker mildly deplores.

In a too heavily allusive style, with a repetitive absorption of unessentials, and with either a wrily humorous or unconscious occasional lapse into his manner, Mr. Baker recognizes Hemingway as a writer of the first order. With his loving appreciation of Hemingway's virtues there can be little quarrel except from those who hold the art of fiction ended with Kafka. Mr. Baker cites chaper and verse to prove that the artless artificiality of the dialogue, the repetitions of themes from geography and meteorology, the ruthless attack on the superfluous adjective are as much controlled art as the more hyperbolic art of James and Twain, the conscious structures of Conrad and W. H. Hudson, or the Picassoesque primitivism of Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson. Moreover Mr. Baker proves that the frequently marvelous results are not accidents of nature as they may often have been in Twain and Anderson, say, but the achievements of deliberation, more deliberation and work. The relative slimness of Hemingway's writing is deceiving; he has worked at a hack-writer's pace, but most of that time has been devoted to reshaping, rethinking, rewriting his material.

When Mr. Baker goes beyond what most of us are willing to concede, he enters arenas of beguilement, doubt and downright disagreement. I am intrigued to reconsider Lady Ashley *(The Sun Also Rises)* "an almost Jamesian ambiguity," or that the characters and landscapes of *A Farewell to Arms* represent antitheses between "the mountain" (life, love and home) and "the plain" (war and death.) But I doubt very much that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is "a tragic epic" comparable to the Iliad. And I disagree that *Across The River and Into the Trees* "could

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perhaps be called a lesser kind of *Winter's Tale* or *Tempest.*"

Mr. Baker's conclusion that Hemingway writes "truly" (his and his master's favorite adjective) and poetically (in the original sense of *Dichtung*) can hardly be denied. But I fail to follow the mystic union of the true and beautiful which Mr. Baker finds producing an art of the highest morality. One concedes that the consciousness of God is in his books, and the Book of Common Prayer is seldom far out of his reach, but I think Mr. Baker is more nearly right when he adds (to me the clue to the achievement of Hemingway): "The tragic view of life comes out in his perennial contrast of the permanence of nature and the evanescence of man." Plus, of course, an extraordinary devotion to his trade.

This is an admirable study of a modern writer, comparable to Harry Levin's *James Joyce,* John Berryman's *Stephen Crane* and Mizener's *Fitzgerald.* Any one who has labored in the field of contemporary biographical criticism will realize the toil, patience, and responsibility that Mr. Baker brought to his appointed task. GEORGE MAYBERRY

THE HEAVY PULL

GRAVITY AND GRACE, by Simone Weil (Putnam; $3.50).

GRAVITY, in Simone Weil's spiritual vocabulary, is the evil to which the human soul is prone, a force which draws it always downward, or keeps it down even when it would rise. Grace is the opposing force which alone can make possible, by its presence, the liberation and ascent of the soul. The workings of these forces are the subject of this collection of aphorisms culled from her notebooks by Gustave Tribon.

In a moving introduction the reader is somewhat prepared for Simone Weil's thinking. M. Thibon, who was her friend, provides this preface. He is a Catholic, as she was not, but he believes in her and in her vocation, although he cannot, in reason, accept the systematic side of her work. His long and wise commentary is one of the most valuable things in the present volume, providing an admirable counterbalance to idiosyncratic tendencies in the author's thought (i.e., on the subject of Judaism, which she so unreasonably abhorred), while insisting on the immense importance of the best of that thought or insight, not to say revelation.

It is interesting to note that Simone Weil's conception of a force of spiritual gravity corresponds to Dante's. (There is no suggestion in the book that it might have been derived from it.) In the *Inferno,* Lucifer is conceived as the very center of gravity, the damned being ranged, according to the magnitude of their crimes, in circles descending to him as the nadir. They are as near him in each case as his "gravitational" force had been able to draw them in life.

In less dramatic terms, it is something of the sort that Simone Weil has to convey when she writes of the effects of gravity—idolatry, illusion, hatred, evil of every kind. Of these she speaks with considerable authority, but her most beautiful and lucid writing concerns the movements of grace in winning its secret victory over the heavy pull of natural baseness.

There are wonderful things in this book; there are others which scarcely deserve the term aphorism, being rather random ideas jotted down for later development, or, possibly, rejection. There is also nonsense, calling to mind some of the flights of 2nd century Gnosticism, to which early Christianity lost several of its best minds.

Simone Weil seems about to become a fashion, a rage. Among those who will talk about her there will inevitably be some to whom her subject doesn't really matter as much as her vogue. She will teach the discerning, although she will not be fully accepted by them. Others she will seriously mislead. After all, what she is seeking to illuminate is Christian faith and doctrine. What seems to be needed is a meticulous analysis of the thought in her writings, as closely reasoned as possible, by someone deeply learned and gifted in the simplicities and profundities of that faith and doctrine. A St. Irenaeus, perhaps. S. M. FITZGERALD

THE VARIOUS STRANDS

AMERICA IN CRISIS: *Fourteen Crucial Episodes in American History,* edited by Daniel Aaron (Knopf; $4.00).

IN 1949 the Carnegie Corporation of New York smiled on Bennington College, and apportioned it a grant for "an experimental course designed to bring out the role and operation of values in American history." The results of this experiment are published here in fourteen chapters, contributed by as many authors. One need not hesitate to grant that the theme of America's response to crisis is of first importance. And a little reflection will reconcile the reader to the initially disturbing fact that the episodes treated here are not the obvious crises in the American past, but rather some dramatic moments in our history which have left residual marks on American mores and culture. Each episode singled out for attention is generally interpreted as a symbol of the major crisis in which it played its part. In this way, C. Vann

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Woodward discusses John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry in the perspective of impending conflict, and by this he manages to explain the issues of the Civil War without subjecting the reader to the tiresome official "causes."

Each contributor makes a case for the critical character of the episode he is presenting, and all of them search hard to find the contemporary relevance of the issues they discuss. One of the most successful chapters is Dexter Perkins' "Woodrow Wilson's Tour," which deals with his struggle over the Covenant of the League of Nations. This essay proceeds at a leisurely pace but questions domestic and foreign policy, and altogether suggests a maturity that does not need to strain for effect. In contrast with it, Perry Miller's interpretation of "Jonathan Edwards and the Great Awakening" seems forced. In an effort to claim a new place for Edwards as an early apostle of democracy and the welfare principle in society, Mr. Miller relies on the slender thread of evidence of a single passage in a funeral sermon Edwards preached, while he ignores the preponderent drift of Edwards' theological, philosophical, and literary characteristics—a drift in the direction of the medieval outlook, rather than toward the modern.

An effort is made in this book to consider the various strands in American civilization by interpreting "crisis" broadly enough to include public health, education, art, literature, conservation, native fascism, the growth of labor unions. These essays provide variety, and perhaps because they are departures from the conventional social-political history of the nation, tend to be emotionally unified, fresh and consequently arresting.

A final comment is necessary on Meyer Schapiro's excellent essay on "Rebellion in Art." By his bold and yet sympathetic imagination, Mr. Schapiro makes what might have been a minor essay in this collection an outstanding triumph. The reaction of Americans to a new and baffling movement in art points up the tragic paradox of our situation today. Modern art takes for its premises the very ideals that are native to the American experience: the personal integrity of men devoted to their work, the individuality prized in a democratic community. The fact that Americans still pay lip service to these ideals, however, does not mitigate their harsh repudiation of modern art and their Babbitt-like loyalty to "easy" popular art.

In a sense, a related paradox underlies other chapters that seek to probe the changing values and forces in America. Occasionally, Americans react to crises straightforwardly and well. But frequently they resolve crises only after the most emotional extremes have been enacted. Hysteria, fanaticism, luxuriant hatreds, sensational slogans, and manufactured myths are witnessed often enough in these essays to be regarded as traits of the Americans. One surpassing trait, however, affords us some relief from the foregoing melancholy evidence—the persistent American habit of self-criticism. ..ADRIENNE KOCH

BRIEFLY NOTED

THE ETERNAL DRAMA, by Richard Rosenheim. Philosophical Library; $6).

SUBTITLED *A Comprehensive Treatise on the Syngenetic History of Humanity, Dramatics, and Theatre*, this book consists of lectures given in Prague before the war, and brought up to date by "intense research." Running an eye over the pages we see familiar catchwords: "metamorphosis, clairvoyance, chaos," and of course our old friends "microcosm, macrocosm, subjective, objective, polarity, and dynamic." The whole is liberally seasoned with Capitals and *Italics*. In the midst is Mr. Rosenheim's thesis: Drama "transmutes" the mind by a "living representation" of "Creation and Eternity." Then comes a history of world drama from Hermes Trismegistos to Thornton Wilder. Shakespeare, Goethe, and Wagner evoke paroxysms of devoted incoherence. We end with a paean in praise of Rudolph Steiner, Mr. Rosenheim's intellectual hero, and a plea for the re-establishment of Mystery plays to save us from ourselves. And all this is written in mistranslated Teutonic. JONATHAN BISHOP

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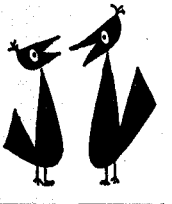

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a 14-page section coming October 20 in the *New Republic*

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